The Alaskan Churchman

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AUGUST, 1953

WE PRESS FORWARD

This issue of the Alaskan Churchman points out many things that should encourage church people everywhere. Missionary work is often discouraging; we hear how we are failing to do the job we should do; we hear of inadequate facilities and undermanned staffs; and all these things are sadly true and have been true in Alaska. Yet the Mission of the Church goes on and God works in His own way without very much cooperation from us sometimes to carry His purpose out.

We are certainly encouraged by the coming of six fine young clergy to man mission stations that are ministering to the Indians and Eskimos of Alaska. We have eight stations engaged wholly in such a task, and six will be served by new men this year. Only Nenana and Eagle will be manned by veteran workers while Tanacross, Anvik, Pt. Hope, Allakaket, Tanana, and Fort Yukon are now being served by four young and enthusiastic Deacons and two priests with a few years experience, but new to Alaska. For the first time in our memory all our stations are manned by clergy, and certainly the prospect for this winter looks far brighter than did last with only two priests manning the whole interior native work. We are deeply proud that our church can and does produce men and women of the calibre that have come to us in Alaska, ready to make real sacrifices, but yet not feeling that they are really sacrificing in the joy of the opportunity and challenge.

Then too we can be proud and pleased that the National Church has sent Dr. Moore and Mr. Turner to Alaska to evaluate and survey the work of the Church in Alaska. Without exception the staff in Alaska has been pleased and encouraged by Dr. Moore's understanding of our work and our problems and by his vision for the future of the Mission of the Church. Surely no one could be better qualified for this most vital function, and we look forward to a finer ministry to our people in Alaska in the years to come because Dr. Moore and Mr. Turner have been sent to us.

Finally all of us have surely been thrilled by the selection of Mrs. Delia Watson, an Indian girl raised in the Anvik Mission, as the Alaska Mother of the year. This unprecedented honor coming to an Indian girl from Shageluk, shows us anew how little we can know what fruit our efforts may bear. Surely Delia Hamilton Watson could never have been what she is today without the wonderful influence of Dr. John W. Chapman and his Anvik staff, and we are proud that the world at large can know what the church through its quiet and unspectacular efforts has in this fine mother produced for our world. "There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed" and we take courage for the task yet committed to us knowing that God will continue to guide and strengthen us for His work.

ISOLATED KOYUKUK MISSION "MANNED" FOR FIRST TIME

On July 6th for the first time in its history the St. John's-in-the-Wilderness Mission at Allakaket was "manned." This needs some explaining; the work at Allakaket has never been uncared for since the founding of the mission by Archdeacon Stuck in 1907. However, for forty-six years the work of the church has been carried on courageously and devotedly and in the highest traditions of the church in Alaska by women workers. During these years the usual staff has been two women—a nurse and a teacher who shared also the endless duties of holding church services, teaching Sunday school, the job of postmaster, tagging beaver, and a thousand other tasks in ministering to the total needs of the Koyukuk River.

So when Bishop Gordon landed his little yellow Pacer (being used while the "Blue Box" is repaired) on the sandbar near Allakaket early in July out stepped the Rev. Richard S. Miller and his bride of a month. Here was a young deacon and his newly acquired wife (fortunately a nurse) who had come from Milwaukee to take over the work of the Church along the Koyukuk River.

Mr. Miller came to succeed Miss Amelia Hill, R. N., and Miss Bessie C. Kay in the Allakaket Mission. After a combined total of fifty-two years of service to the Church in Alaska these two women are retiring from the field and returning to the States and someone has to replace them. One cannot say take their place because no one can replace Miss Hill and Miss Kay on the Koyukuk. Theirs has been missionary service in the finest tradition of the Church. In a Territory noted for its difficult assignments theirs has been the toughest. Yet one would have to look closely to find this out because Miss Hill and Miss Kay would be the last ones to claim that they had done anything unusual in serving year after year as the only white people in a small village in the Interior of Alaska with the total life of the people largely in their hands.

No one who has not lived at Allakaket can appreciate what this means. Until quite recently mail reached the Koyukuk about five times a year by dog team and river boat, and this was the only regular means of communication with the outside world. There are no roads or railroads in this area. The only way out has been the river itself and the snowy wilderness trails. The coming of the airplane has surely made the region more accessible, and now mail reaches the village more than once a week by plane.

Running water at Allakaket also means the river and rain barrels in summer and melting ice and snow in winter; modern conveniences are things one reads about. Life on the Koyukuk in winter means temperatures that have reached seventy degrees below zero, and readings of fifty and sixty below are not at all uncommon. So for two women in the lovely log mission house the winter months have meant getting up many times in the night to build up wood fires to keep the temperature of the building above freezing. This is the normal life in this Arctic Circle Village, and Miss Hill and Miss Kay would be the last to think they have done anything unusual. They have known that the Church must be there. Having the church at Allakaket means that someone must minister through it—who better than they? So they have accepted the life as it is; have made the best of it, and are continually astonished that anyone thinks they have done anything unusual or sacrificial. It has always been thus with the real missionary heroes of the church, and all too often the real stars in the crowns of Christianity have been valiant heroines.

So with Miss Hall and Miss Kay retiring, Dick Miller with his wife,

The Rev. and Mrs. Richard S. Miller

Filling the Wood Box at Allakaket

Anita, inherits the work along the Koyukuk. So now the work is "manned," and our prayer must be that Dick and the men who may follow him can build on the very firm foundations laid at St. John's-in-the-Wilderness by the consecrated witness of women workers for forty-six years.

The work at Allakaket presents a very real reward in a unique way. Here the church ministers to the total life of a community in body, mind and spirit. With the departure of Miss Kay the church can no longer man the day school. So the Territorial Board of Education has agreed to supply the village with a school teacher. Miss Agnes Slosser will come in to Allakaket in the fall as the Territorial teacher. She will live in one of the mission cabins and the building owned by the church will serve as a classroom, but Mr. and Mrs. Miller will be freed of this responsibility so that they can more adequately meet the physical and spiritual needs of the Koyukuk people.

Actually the work at the village of Allakaket is only a small part of the task of the Koyukuk mission. Mr. Miller also has under his care our people at Huslia where there are over one hundred and twenty-five people—practically all Episcopalians, and at Hughes where there are fifty members of the Church. He also hopes to minister to the growing community at Bettles. Our church is the only one ministering on the whole of the six hundred miles of the Koyukuk River, so the Millers have a stern responsibility. It is our earnest hope that in the near future another salary and worker may be made available for this extensive ministry to a people who have no one else to whom to turn.

Already Mr. and Mrs. Miller are seeking earnestly to care for our scattered people. As we go to press they are journeying down the river in a small open boat on a trip of over four hundred miles visiting Huslia and Hughes and the people at the fish camps along the way. We have rejoiced too this summer in the ministry of Donald Gardner, a Seminarian from Episcopal Theological School, who has spent the summer with the people of Huslia. Women of the Auxiliary may recall Huslia as the village where the gifts of the women of Alaska and from the UTO made possible the erection of a school building two years ago, so that almost forty children in the village

Miss Hill and Miss Kay in winter attire at Allakaket

St. John's-in-the-Wilderness, Allakaket

might for the first time have an opportunity of going to school.

In mid-July Miss Hill and Miss Kay packed their belongings accumulated over the years and finally made their last of a thousand trips down to the sandbar landing field. There the Bishop's plane waited to take them away from their wilderness home where they had served for more than two decades. Almost half of the people of the village could not remember the mission apart from Miss Hill and Miss Kay. So every person then in the village gathered silently on the bar to shake hands and bid farewell.

As the time for departure came the people of the village gathered around the plane and the two women and the Bishop. In their midst stood a consecrated young couple who had come to serve with them. All heads were bowed as the Bishop thanked Almighty God for the loving ministrations of these his servants and asked His further blessing on them. And into God's hands were committed Dick and Anita Miller and the people of the Koyukuk in the certainty that He will richly use and bless those who look unto Him.

There was sadness as the little yellow plane headed into the eastern twilight, but there was joy too that in the Christian fellowship Our Lord has richly blessed us all in the ones He has called to his service in the Territory of Alaska.

The Rev. Glen Wilcox was called to minister to his people in bereavement very quickly after his arrival at Anvik. Within an hour of his arrival news came of the drowning of two adults and three children of the Shageluk congregation. They were lost when a small skiff capsized and dumped them into the turbulent Yukon river. Mr. Wilcox went to the scene of the accident and helped with the search for the bodies and later officiated at the funerals in Shageluk. This was a tragic accident, but we are thankful that Mr. Wilcox was there to help in this time of great need.

ALASKAN LAYMAN MAKES SPECTACULAR MISSIONARY JOURNEY

When a missionary makes a spectacular missionary journey to minister to his people that is very interesting, but it is nevertheless a part of his job and his commission. However, when a distinguished eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist makes a missionary journey of mercy, flying his own little plane over some of the toughest country in Alaska at his own expense simply to minister to the needs of people who otherwise might not have care, then that is the kind of good news on which the gospel is based.

Dr. Milo Fritz is undoubtedly the best eye, ear, nose and throat physician in Alaska. He is a man who is known to be tops in his field, and he has been in Alaska for some years. Not long ago he was attracted to the Episcopal Church in Anchorage and through the pastoral ministrations of the Rev. Albert Sayers was presented for confirmation. Since that time he has been a devoted and loyal communicant of the Church in Anchorage.

Early in the winter Dr. Fritz approached Bishop Gordon with a strange and unusual request. He simply wanted to know if the Bishop would help him chart a course to the most needy villages in Interior Alaska. Dr. Fritz wanted to give a month of his time traveling on his own, using his talents in caring for the needs of people, many of whom had never seen a man in his medical field. He asked nothing but some free advice and some help in the matter of charting his course while flying his tiny Cub plane, appropriately named "The SLOW POKE," over Interior Alaska.

If a man comes and offers you something you have been wishing for over many years you do not hesitate, particularly when there is no cost involved, so bishop and doctor worked out the plan together; some advance word was sent out to alert various missions, and promptly on schedule early in June Dr. Fritz appeared in Fairbanks ready for his missionary journey.

So began one of the most spectacular and worthwhile medical services ever rendered to Alaska—and with no fanfare or trumpet. Cruising at about sixty-five miles an hour—so slow in fact that Bishop Gordon in the "Blue Box" was not able to fly slowly enough to guide Dr. Fritz over areas they were traveling in common—"The Slow Poke" journeyed for a month over a total distance of some thirty-five hundred miles ministering to the needs of Indian and Eskimo at Fort Yukon, Arctic Village, Beaver, Steven's Village, Rampart, Tanana, Huslia, Hughes, Anaktuvik Pass, Allakaket, Kotzebue, Kivalina, Pt. Hope, several Kobuk river villages, Nome, St. Michael and other lower Yukon points. It is just a little incredible that a man totally unfamiliar with the country could have even made such a journey, but the unbelievable aspect is really the things he did with his limited time in these isolated areas.

Strangely enough one of Dr. Fritz's greatest chores was pulling teeth, and versatile as he was he had acquired a special knack in this field before starting out. He treated countless medical ills in all fields, but the most joyous time of any of his medical examinations came when he was testing eyes and when some elderly Indian or Eskimo for the first time in years actually could really see again. Their facial expressions and genuine delight were really something to see. One hundred and twenty pairs of glasses were prescribed. For most of these the Church will underwrite the cost, with the people paying what they can, so that our needy native people can enjoy a reasonable eyesight during their later years.

Our ministry in the fields of the

Dr. Fritz and "Slow Poke" at Allakaket

world is to body, mind, and spirit. Actually the Church in Alaska can claim little credit for the missionary journey of Dr. Fritz other than the fact that he represents the fellowship of our church family and joyously proclaimed it wherever he went. When the doctor first knelt at the altar with our native people and then went out to minister to their physical needs he carried a commission and a tie that no words or deeds can bring —a oneness in the great fellowship of the family of our Father, the One Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, from which we all receive our divine commission. We are truly proud that one of our laymen has been used by our Lord to bring so much good to the lives of our people.

We congratulate the Rev. and Mrs. Cameron Harriot of St. Mark's, Nenana, on the arrival of a new daughter, Suzanne Marie, in Fairbanks on June fifteenth.

Miss Barbura Clintsman, head nurse at the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital at Fort Yukon, was married to Mr. Harry Carter, of Fort Yukon in St. Stephen's Church on August 15th. Harry's father for a great many years before his death operated a trading post at Fort Yukon. The young couple will remain in Fort Yukon for a few weeks before going to the States where Mr. Carter hopes to continue his schooling. More about this wedding in the November Alaskan Churchman.

Two young men who have been serving at the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital at Fort Yukon as volunteers this summer, are planning to remain as a part of the maintenance staff for the winter months. They are Gilbert Prince, Jr. and Huntington Roberts. The two boys have done fine work this summer, and we do appreciate their help.

CHURCH TEAM, DESPITE "BLUE BOX" CRASH, FINISHES ALASKAN SURVEY

By THE REV. EDWARD M. TURNER

From the shores of the Caribbean to the coldness of the Arctic north is a very long distance. It even seems greater when one is transported somewhat rapidly between the two locations, and for the Unit of Research and Field Study this sort of thing was a bit unusual. Last fall, Dr. Joseph G. Moore, executive secretary of this unit, and I were working in the Missionary Districts of Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands for the purpose of surveying the work of the Church in these two areas. Following the completion of these Surveys, the reports were made to the National Council and immediate steps were taken in the preparation for a similar Survey of the Missionary District of Alaska.

Even though most of my life has been spent in Alaska, each time I get ready to go north I find myself eager with anticipation. It was with a great deal of impatience that Dr. Moore and I waited for the day to come for our departure. Finally we left Chicago and New York respectively for Fairbanks, which lies so deep in the heart of Alaska. It is a very long trip from New York to Fairbanks, even when one uses modern, fast-flying airplanes. As the airplane flys in a westerly direction, the great industrial centers of the East are left behind and the flat lands of the midwest appear. Soon even they are lost and the great expanse of the Rocky Mountains are seen in the distance. At last when tiredness seems greatest, the airplane reaches Seattle, that beautiful city which lies on Elliot Bay in the northwestern part of the state. After a brief stop, in which we changed airplanes, the trip continued on towards Fairbanks. To the uninitiated, the most amazing thing seems to be the great quantity of light which pervades the north during the three months of summer. All through the night it is never really dark, and of course the further north that one goes the more this feature is apparent. Because Alaska is so huge, a person can spend 24 hours in Ketchikan and see little more daylight than one sees in Seattle, but travel many, many hundreds of miles into the inside of the Arctic Circle and it is a different world. The sun never sets for many days on end and all is bathed in the orange glow of the midnight sun. Alaska is truly an amazing and beautiful country.

We finally reached Fairbanks around six o'clock in the morning and were met by the Rt. Rev. William J. Gordon, Jr., the Bishop of Alaska who is often called out of bed at an early hour of the morning to meet some member of his staff or some other visitor who arrives at a time when the rest of Alaska is still in bed. Most people do not realize the varied tasks that a missionary bishop is called upon to perform. He is expected to be a reception committee, a guide, and a hotel keeper, all of which imposes too much upon him, but none takes it more graciously than Bishop Gordon.

Shortly after we had eaten our breakfast, and scarcely before we could catch our breath, we were again air-borne in the "Blue Box" with the Bishop as pilot, and headed for Kotzebue, the village on the Arctic Coast which was to be our refueling point before pushing on to Point Hope. In Alaska, though, one learns quickly that all plans concerning air transportation, are governed by temperamental weather. Such was our experience right away. As we flew on course toward Kotzebue, and thence to Pt. Hope, we soon saw that the weather up ahead was too sour to proceed any further, but since we were very close to Tanana, Alaska, and intended to work there anyway, we decided to land and begin the Survey

The Rev. Edward M. Turner

It was a very wise thing to do as the weather steadily grew worse for another twenty-four hours before it cleared enough to go on to Kotzebue.

At Tanana Dr. Moore got his first opportunity to meet the people of Alaska. They took us into their hearts and gave us the utmost cooperation. When that portion of the survey was completed, and since the weather had lifted, we resumed our trip to Kotzebue and Pt. Hope.

The trip between Tanana and Kotzebue is a very long one and requires four hours continuous flying in the Bishop's airplane. As we flew on we observed a great many changes in the terrain. Fewer trees appeared and the land became more barren. Here and there we saw signs of animal life but that was about all. At last far off on the horizon we saw our first glimpse of the Arctic Ocean and the narrow spit of land on which Kotzebue is located. During this time the Bishop was in contact with the radio station at Kotzebue and was receiving reports of a ground fog which kept the landing field closed. It looked like we were going to be forced to land on the beach at a point some fifteen miles away, but just before we reached Kotzebue the fog moved out and we came in for a perfect landing. It was a beautiful day there and we were anxious to refuel and continue on our trip to Kotzebue. The problem of refueling in some of the outlying districts is a real one, and the normal procedure is to pump gas out of fifty-gallon gasoline drums into a funnel which has a chamois skin covering. This prevents any water from getting into the gas tanks of the airplanes and is a precautionary measure. While Dr. Moore was in the town of Kotzebue getting some sandwiches for us to eat, the Bishop was looking for a funnel with a chamois skin so that we could take on gasoline. Unfortunately we had left our funnel in Tanana. One was obtained from an airline who refueled their own airplanes with it, so we we were well assured that we would have the best in strainers to keep water out of the tanks.

By the time Dr. Moore appeared with the sandwiches, the Bishop and I had completed our task. As an extra precautionary measure, we had pushed "The Blue Box," the Bishop's airplane, up to the gas drums rather than to roll the drums towards the airplane. Regardless of the care which is taken by gasoline distributors, there is always a small bit of water which finds its way into gasoline drums. Everyone who flies in Alaska is aware of this and is careful to keep from stirring up the water that lies on the bottom. It was for this reason that we rolled the plane up to the drums.

When everyone was fastened in by their safety belts, the Bishop started the engine and we taxied to the end of the field in preparation for our take-off. The check-valves in the bottom of the airplane's fuel tanks had been examined for possible water content, the motor was run up, and the magneto was tested. Everything was in fine condition so we headed down the airstrip and soon were airborne. It was a wonderful feeling and we looked forward to the landing at Pt. Hope where we would

be among the friends and former parishioners of the Bishop who had been stationed at that distant post for five years before he was called upon by the Church to be the Chief Pastor in Alaska. By the time we were 300 feet in the air, and had started our turn towards Pt. Hope, and just as the Bishop asked Dr. Moore for a hamburger, the motor began to cough and sputter. Bishop Gordon at that moment had been in contact with the CAA radio station and was giving them his flight plan for the trip to Pt. Hope. With the sudden change in the tempo of the motor, the Bishop dropped his r a d i o microphone, checked the gas valves, and quickly pulled on the carburetor heat. For a moment it seemed that the faithful motor would catch and continue to run, but with a last sputter it stopped and only the whistle of the plane rushing through the air could be heard. At a time like that, many thoughts go through one's mind, but foremost was where are we going to land? When the motor stopped we were over the water of a small lagoon. The Bishop knew exactly what to do and very skillfully guided the airplane back towards land. It was obvious that we could never make a landing field, so Bishop Gordon had selected the best possible spot from the air for us to set down. Before this sentence can be finished, we touched down on the ground and rolled a short distance over the tundra before "The Blue Box" dug in and flipped over and skidded on her back. All was silent for a brief second, and then there were questions by all of us as to how the others had fared through the crash. Everyone remarked that all was well and as the questions were being completed we pulled ourselves out of the wreck of the airplane. The Bishop and I emerged without any injuries, but the minute we saw Dr. Moore we realized that he had been injured. Blood poured from his head

The Rev. Joseph G. Moore at Allakaket

and covered his clothes. Almost at the same time a jeep rushed up and took him to the hospital which fortunately was nearby.

It was a heart-sickening sight. There lay "The Blue Box" which such a short time ago was a proud and beautiful sight. We removed our equipment and did the best we could under the circumstances, but constantly the question on our lips was what could possibly have caused the motor failure. Every precaution had been taken, all had been checked, but somewhere something had gone wrong. As a pilot myself, I knew that our safety had been the result of some wonderful piloting by the Bishop. No one could have done a finer job of flying and landing that airplane.

When everything had been taken care of, including a visit to the hospital to look in on Dr. Moore, the Bishop and I returned to examine more thoroughly the events leading up to the crash. We soon discovered the cause; the chamois skin which we had used was faulty and passed water through it into the gas, something that should never have happened. The friends from whom we had borrowed the funnel had just finished refueling one of their airplanes, and upon examining that plane they, too, discovered water in their tanks. Evidently someone had allowed the chamois skin to remain out in the weather and it had deteriorated, but this we could neither guess nor see since it had just been used to refuel other planes.

As I look back, there is no obvious way that we could have prevented that accident. It was unfortunate, but could not be helped. As I see the tremendous use a plane is to the Bishop of Alaska, and as I witness what it means to the people the Church

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ANVIK MISSION SCHOOL GIRL ALASKAN MOTHER OF THE YEAR

Missionary work is not always immediately rewarding; indeed some workers labor for years without seeing much that to the outward eye can be recorded as permanent constructive results of much devoted labor. We do know indeed that our reward is from above and we do not come to serve for earthly commendation, and we serve simply in answer to the Divine Commission to "Go Ye."

Yet there is real rejoicing in our hearts and encouragement too when the work of missions shows obviously our ministry has borne fruit. This could hardly have been shown more spectacularly than was demonstrated when Mrs. Delia Watson was chosen as Alaska's Mother of the Year in stern competition with wives of senators, legislators, and women from all walks of life in this Territory.

Mrs. Watson is an Athabascan Indian. She was born at Shageluk, one of the outstations of our Christ Church Mission at Anvik. At the age of seven she was orphaned by an epidemic which swept the village and she was abandoned by superstitious kinsmen who feared the evil spirits which had slain her parents.

Dr. John W. Chapman, who served Christ Church Mission at Anvik for forty-three years, took the little orphan Indian girl into the boarding school at Anvik. Delia grew up there and went to school with Dr. Chapman's son, Henry, now Priest-in-charge of St. Peter's-by-the-Sea, at Sitka, Alaska.

When Delia was seventeen years old she married a white trader named Watson and the family moved to Pilot Station, a community on the Lower Yukon. Thirteen children were born, ten of which are still living. Mr.

Mrs. Watson receives scroll in Anchorage as Alaskan Mother of the Year

Watson died when the smallest child was just three years old, leaving the widow to bring up her family without outside help. She carried on the business and raised her large family to maturity to be a credit to her and to her native race.

All the children went through the course of the village schools and through the government secondary schools, and are married or successfully employed at this time.

Mrs. Watson now lives in Anchorage where she is a communicant of All Saints' Parish there. In the picture here she is shown receiving a scroll certifying the honor that has come to her and being congratulated by her rector, the Rev. Albert J. Sayer. Interested friends at All Saints' and in the community raised a fund to send Mrs. Watson to New York to represent Alaska at the special Mother's Day observances at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel when the National Mother of the Year was chosen.

The Church in Alaska is indeed proud of Delia Watson, a product of the Christ Church Mission School, and surely the efforts of those saints of God who labored so valiantly in the early days are bearing fruits in ways of which they never even dreamed.

NEW CHURCH CONSECRATED AT TANACROSS

New St. Timothy's rises beside the old Church

St. Timothy's Mission, Tanacross was established by Archdeacon Stuck and the Rev. Mr. Betticher in 1912. A suitable site was established in the upper Tanana Valley in answer to the urgent pleas of the various tribes living in the area. A central location was chosen and the people gradually moved into the village from the outlying areas. Through the years the Episcopal Church has ministered to these people and they have looked to us since that time for spiritual ministrations.

For most of the years of its existence St. Timothy's has been one of our most isolated mission stations, and one of the most inaccessible. Before the airplane it could only be reached by dog team in winter and by a tortuous river route that could only be traversed by the smallest and most powerful of river boats. Many are the stories told of boats that were lost while making the freight trip on the upper Tanana, and on more than one occasion the mission supplies had to be freighted in by the tortuous poling boat, a trip that might take a month for the almost three-hundred river miles, depending on the polers.

The coming of the Alaska Highway in 1942, running within a half mile of the mission changed the whole country overnight. In addition the army erected a base for five hundred men and a large airfield almost in the Tanacross village, and a people who had been living in complete isolation found themselves within a year completely in the midst of a new civilization.

All this was, of course, not good; it came too fast, and the people of the upper Tanana have suffered, and they are just beginning to get on their feet again and regain their balance. Our priest at St. Timothy's has a challenging task in ministering to his people and helping them set their eyes on the right and true values of life, and to guide them to pick and choose the best things from the new life that has so suddenly been theirs.

The old St. Timothy's log church

was built almost thirty years ago, and is sadly dilapidated. For some years we have hoped to build a new log church to better minister to the spiritual needs of this community.

Finally in the summer of 1951 an earnest and energetic young Seminary student, Bill Glazier, aroused the men of the village to go out to cut logs for a new church and by the end of the summer the logs were on the spot and the project was underway.

The going was slow, however, and the work was handicapped by an intermittent ministry to the people, and no real progress was made further on the new church until this winter when John Dixon, a young layman serving St. Timothy's, once again aroused the men to the project.

This time there was no halt; some surplus materials were gotten from the old military base; the men, under the leadership of David Paul, our devoted Indian layreader at Tanacross for thirty years, set to work, and the log walls began to rise. Money for the necessary materials came largely from a generous gift from the Alumnae of St. Timothy's School, Catonsville, Maryland, who have long had an intimate adopted interest in St. Timothy's.

When John Dixon left Tanacross late in May and the new priest, the Rev. Robert B. Greene, took permanent charge of the work, there was no slackening off. The six members of the Daily Vacation Bible School Team from Southern Ohio contributed their bit, and all were on hand for a gala Fourth of July when the Bishop knocked on the door of the new chapel and was admitted for the Consecration service by David Paul. A large congregation joined in the service and in general rejoicing that a new St. Timothy's now towered over the village, saying silently that God is truly in the midst of His people and calls them to renewed worship and service. May this newest and loveliest of little log chapels ministering to our native people go on to minister to another generation of Indian people the spiritual blessings that their fathers have enjoyed through the ministrations of the Church they know and love.

SURVEY . . .

(Contniued from page 11)

serves, I know even more certainly that "The Blue Box" must be repaired and fly again. It will cost money (estimated at about $3000) but must be done and I hope that there are people in the Church who will assist in this.

To make a long story short, the rest of the survey was rather dull in comparison. The Bishop borrowed back his little yellow Piper Pacer from the priest at Fort Yukon, and the day after the accident flew it 700 miles to Pt. Hope, and the work of the survey continued uninterrupted to the Arctic Coast, Anvik, Allakaket, Fort Yukon, Eagle and Tanacross in the Interior and by commercial transportation to the vast Southwestern and S. E. section of Alaska. Everywhere we met with the utmost cooperation and best of assistance. It is a huge land and one which has untold beauty within its borders, but everywhere the Church is serving people and bringing the love of God to their hearts. Out staff in Alaska is of the best, the only thing that we can do to help them is to give them of our means and remember them in our prayers.

In spite of the valiant efforts of some of our faithful subscribers we still need more subscriptions to the Alaskan Churchman. Some of you have been more than wonderful, but we will never be satisfied until we reach an average of at least fifty people in each of the ninety-nine Dioceses and Missionary Districts. We have far more subscribers than that in a few Dioceses now, but our total list of paid subscribers—less than two thousand, hardly represents a large part of our church population. Will you get at least one new subscription for us in your parish?

WILCOXES ARRIVE; GORDON SISTERS LEAVE ANVIK

Just before midnight on the Fourth of July Bishop Gordon landed on the Yukon sandbar near Anvik and delivered the Rev. and Mrs. Glen Wilcox and daughter, Gail to their new assignment and home at Christ Church Mission.

So was fulfilled a desire and earnest prayer of two years to have a minister once more for the Anvik mission. The post was made vacant two years ago when the Rev. B. F. Peterson left on furlough for the States. A young seminarian was there to carry on during the summer months, but prospects for the winter looked very dark indeed with no priest and no nurse to carry on the vital work on the lower Yukon. It would be tragic to have the mission go vacant for a year, but there seemed no other solution.

But there are real blessings in a big family and Bishop Gordon is one of seven children. One sister, Almeria, had already been in Alaska for a year and was making her winter plans for her duties as religious education worker at Fort Yukon. Could she be asked to go to Anvik in this emergency? Certainly she could not go there alone, and a nurse was badly needed.

However, there was another Gordon sister just a year out of nurse's training in the States. Maybe the emergency would challenge her. It was worth a try, and not long after came a wire—"willing to go to Anvik for a year to help out in emergency," and so late in October, 1951, Miss Mary Irwin Gordon, R.N. arrived on the Alaskan field.

After some several messages traveling back and forth as to wheel landing conditions at Anvik the Bishop and his two sisters took off for Anvik, and the girls with faith and selfless

Almeria and Mary Irwin Gordon en route to Anvik in 1951

devotion took over the work of Alaska's oldest mission station. They offered to stay for a year to hold the fort until a clergyman could be found for permanent appointment.

However, the summer of 1952 came and no permanent man had been found. A seminarian came for the summer, releasing the Gordon girls for some summer vacation Bible school work, but who would man the post for the winter? So once again, in spite of strenuous experiences with wood stoves, Delco motors, melting ice for water and an amazingly busy church program, the girls volunteered for another year's service, and back on the job they went.

The coming of Mr. Wilcox was the answer to our prayers, and Almeria and Mary Irwin have been relieved and are now en route to North Carolina and home. Mary Irwin plans to get some further training in public health based on her experience in being the sole medical person in the Anvik area, and it is not out of the realm of possibility that she may some day be back in Alaska.

Almeria Gordon has gone home for a much needed furlough and rest after three strenuous years in Alaska. She came originally as a summer volunteer to direct our first Daily Vacatioi Bible School at Fort Yukon. This Bible School at Fort Yukon in the summer of 1950 proved so successful and vital that it has led to an increasing summer school program so that this summer schools have been held in twelve Indian and Eskimo villages this year with real success.

At the end of the 1950 summer Mia agreed to stay on for the winter as R. E. Worker at Fort Yukon and made a fine contribution there. She continued the Bible School program at Fort Yukon the next summer and expanded it to outlying villages along the Yukon, bringing real blessings to our Indian people—young and old. Then came her two years at Anvik. She will be remembered by our Indian people—not only as a person, but remembered through a deepened spiritual experience and a more vital faith that Mia has brought in her teaching and example.

The Rt. Rev. Henry Knox Sherrill, D. D., Presiding Bishop

We in Alaska are looking forward with great anticipation to a brief visit from the Presiding Bishop late in August as he and Mrs. Sherrill are en route to the Orient. Bishop and Mrs. Sherrill will visit Fairbanks for a service and reception on Friday, August 28th. On Sunday, the 30th, the Bishop will be on hand for the dedication service for the new All-Saints' Church in Anchorage. That evening a special service will be held for those in the Armed Forces at Elmendorf Air Force Base followed by a reception for Bishop and Mrs. Sherrill.

Allakaket to Bettles, Koyukuk River

NEW PRIEST FOR "HOTTEST AND COLDEST" MISSION

The Rev. and Mrs. Richard T. Lambert and Family

The Rev. Richard T. Lambert, the last of six fine young clergy to be added to the Alaskan staff this summer, arrived on the field with Mrs. Lambert and sons, Richard and Christopher, on August 19th. Mr. and Mrs. Lambert come to serve Alaska's "hottest and coldest" mission, St. Stephen's, at Fort Yukon. Fort Yukon claims this distinction by having had both the warmest temperature recorded in Alaska (an even 100 degrees above zero) and the coldest recorded temperature (a balmy seventy-eight below zero.) Fortunately for the Lamberts and the other inhabitants of the Yukon Valley both extremes are somewhat rare!

Mr. Lambert comes to Fort Yukon to relieve the Rev. Norman H. V. Elliott, who, as a missionary has proved to be a Bishop's dream. He, despite what he hoped and intended to do, has done the job that most needed to be done.

Norm came to Alaska from the Virginia Seminary, challenged by the work at the little village of Eagle on the Canadian Border. Here we have two missions—St. Paul's in the immediate town, and St. John's in the Indian village, three miles upstream. Norm also was to serve some of the scattered villages in the Interior on an itinerant basis during slack times in the work at Eagle. In reality he was to serve as a sort of missioner.

However, even before he got to Alaska the man we had in mind for St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, had to give up his appointment because of that old bugaboo—the Associated Medical Board and his wife's physical condition. That lot fell on Norman Elliott and, as he puts it, he had "four

wives and nineteen children at St. Mark's boarding school without even being married!"

Came 1952 and the Rev. Cameron Harriot to serve St. Mark's, so Norman H. V. Elliott again set his eyes on Eagle and the beauties of the upper Yukon, but fate in the form of the Bishop came pleading again. All Saints', Anchorage would be vacant during the furlough of the Rev. Albert Sayers. Could Mr. Elliott delay his trip to Eagle during the summer to supply All Saints'? So down the railroad to the Cook Inlet metropolis journeyed Mr. Elliott with visions of Eagle for the fall.

Ere fall came the news of the departure of the Rev. Wilfred C. Files, our veteran Yukon River missionary, from Fort Yukon. This, the largest work of the Church in Alaska could not go unmanned. Who could go? Who would go? Well—there is Norm Elliott! So to serve as the only priest on the Yukon River off he went to Fort Yukon to render splendid service in that difficult post.

It looked like he might never get

The Rev. Norman Henry Victor Elliott, B. D.

to Eagle. However, last fall Bishop Gordon made a brief stopover to speak in Granville, Ohio. Here he met a fine, enthusiastic young clergyman named Dick Lambert, rector of the church in Granville. Dick made the mistake of telling the Bishop that he and his wife had once had some ideas about working in the mission field. That was that for this particular occasion, but missionary bishops, like elephants, never forget, particularly when there is a man or a nurse involved!

This spring when the need for a consecrated man, preferably with a family, loomed large at Fort Yukon, Bishop Gordon remembered Dick Lambert. A challenging letter to Ohio opened a wedge and then the combined efforts of the Bishop and the Rev. Charles Long of the Overseas Department closed the deal, and the last of a wonderful group of new 1953 workers had answered the call of Our Lord to His service in this great land.

So Dick and Betty Lambert go to Fort Yukon; Norm Elliott goes to Eagle; Bob Greene is in residence at Tanacross; Glen Wilcox and Joan have settled at Anvik; Dick and Neenie Miller are manning the Koyukuk; Walter Hannum occupies the strategic post at Tanana, and Rowland and Mary Cox are serving joyously at St. Thomas' Mission, Pt. Hope.

For the first time in probably twenty years all the missions of the Church in Alaska are manned with ordained men. Except for a vacancy in the post of priest for the native people in Fairbanks, our staff of clergy is filled, and we have great cause to give thanks for they are not only occupied, but filled with consecrated men and women of God who have come here truly to serve Him and His children. We still desperately need a doctor and several nurses and a matron for the hospital at Fort Yukon, but we thank God for what we have and we take courage.

Richard Lambert is the son of the Rev. Robert S. Lambert, D.D., Rector of Calvary Church, Cincinnati. He graduated from Williams College in 1947, his college years having been interrupted by three years in the Air Force, and flying thirty-five missions as a tail gunner over Japan from Saipan.

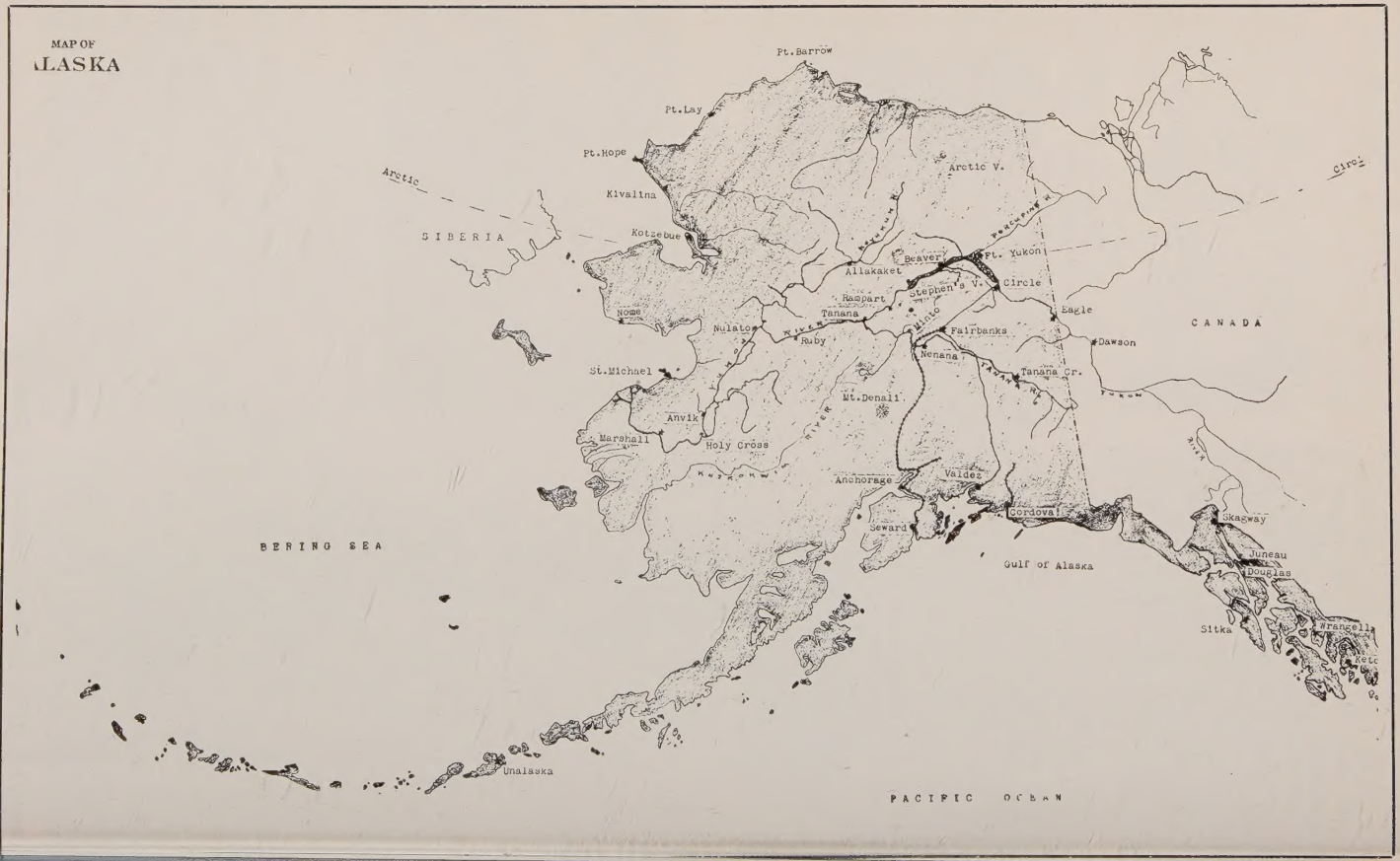
Dick went a year to Union Theological Seminary in New York and graduated from the Virginia Seminary in 1950. He has served since that time at St. Luke's Church, Granville, Ohio, and has ministered to the Episcopal students at Denison University also.

In 1948 Mr. Lambert married Miss Betty Large, a graduate of Smith College in the class of 1947. The Lamberts have two sons aged four and one and a half. We give them a warm welcome to Alaska and are proud to have them as members of our missionary family here.

P. S.:—Now it looks like Norm Elliott might get to Eagle where he started in the first place—indeed he must if the people of Eagle are ever to have any confidence in the Bishop again, but we'll have to see him there first!

Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital
Fort Yukon, Alaska

It is expected that the flying "Blue Box" will be back in the air again by August 20th. Her breaks and cracks and dents have almost all been repaired and the plane will be as good as new again when the job is done, but we may be paying for the work for some time to come. We are grateful to the many friends who have made contributions towards repairing the plane.


MAP OF
ALASKA
Pt. Barrow
Pt. Lay
Pt. Hope
Kivalina
Kotzebue
Arctic
SIBERIA
Arctic V.
Circle
Beaver
Ft. Yukon
Allakaket
Stephen's V.
Circle
Rampart
Tenana
Eagle
Nome
Nulato
Ruby
Fairbanks
CANADA
Dawson
Kenana
St. Michael
Tanana Cr.
Mt. Denali
Anvik
Marshall
Holy Cross
Anchorage
Valdez
Cordova
Seward
Skagway
Juneau
Douglas
Gulf of Alaska
BERING SEA
Sitka
Wrangell
Unalaska
PACIFIC OCEAN

Missions and Staff

Allakaket	St. John's-in-the Wilderness	The Rev. Richard S. Miller
Anchorage	All Saints'	The Rev. Albert J. Sayers
Anvik	Christ Church	The Rev. Glen M. Wilcox
Cordova	St. George's	m. Valdez
Douglas	St. Luke's	m. Juneau
Eagle	St. Paul's St. John's	The Rev. Norman H. V. Elliott
Fairbanks	St. Matthew's	The Rev. Gordon T. Charlton
Ft. Yukon	St. Stephen's	The Rev. Richard T. Lambert The Rev. Albert E. Tritt Mr. Ned Thomas
	Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital	Miss Jean E. Aubrey, R. N. Mrs. Harry E. Carter Miss Mary O. Hayes, R.N. Miss Helen Kibbe Miss Carol Strathman Mr. Ray T. Leight Mr. Gilbert Prince, Jr. Mr. Huntington Roberts Harry E. Carter
Juneau	Holy Trinity	The Rev. Samuel A. McPhetres
Ketchikan	St. John's	The Rev. John K. Watkins
	St. Elizabeth's	The Rev. Lewis Hodgkins
Kivalina	Epiphany	Mr. Milton Swan
Nenana	St. Mark's	The Rev. Cameron Harriot Miss Martha I. Webb Mrs. Dorothea S. Jacobs Miss Edith L. Stricker Miss MaryAnn Armistead Mr. Fred Mueller
Petersburg	St. Andrew's	m. Wrangell
Pt. Hope	St. Thomas'	The Rev. Rowland J. Cox Mr. Roy Vincent
Seward	St. Peter's	The Rev. L. Russell Clapp
Sitka	St. Peter's-by-the-Sea	The Rev. Henry H. Chapman
Skagway	St. Saviour's	m. Juneau
Tanacross	St. Timothy's	Rev. Robert B. Greene
Tanana	St. James'	The Rev. Walter W. Hannum
Valdez	Epiphany	The Rev. Robert Grumbine
Wrangell	St. Philip's	The Rev. Hugh F. Hall

In addition to the missions listed above, and as opportunity offers, members of the staff hold services at the following stations:

Annette Island	Chalkitsik	Rampart	Shageluk
Arctic Village	Hologochaket	Pt. Lay	Stevens Village
Beaver	Hot Springs	Mt. Edgecumbe	Tetlin
Big Delta	Hughes	Noatak	Tok Junction
Bettles	Kotzebue	Nome	Venetie
Circle	Huslia	Palmer	Wrangell Institute
Coschacket	Minto	Northway	

THE SEAL OF THE MISSIONARY DISTRICT OF ALASKA
1895